

A E Herrick 8-24-80

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## GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

Teachers and students regret that Miss Elva Poore of the Sophomore class has left the school. Miss Poore's parents have moved to Ramford where she has entered Stephens High School.

A program is being prepared for the annual Donors' Day exercises which will be held in the William Bingham gymnasium on Thursday evening of this week, beginning at eight o'clock. All friends of the school are cordially invited to attend these exercises and thus share in this expression of gratitude for all the good things which have come to the school.

A short but impressive Armistice Day service was held in the William Bingham Gymnasium on Wednesday afternoon. The program opened with the singing of America, after which prayer was offered by Rev. C. B. Oliver of the Methodist Church. Principal Hanscom

then made some fitting remarks as to the meaning of the day, paying tribute to those sons and daughters of Gould who offered, and in some cases gave, their lives to make the world safe for

democracy. Principal Hanscom closed his remarks with the reading of Edgar Guest's poem, "The Boy and The Flag." The presentation of a simple

but very impressive little pageant entitled "Keeping Faith" completed the program. The characters were as follows:

Columbus,	Ruth Glinet
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The Past, Elizabeth Verrill  
The Present—Boy Scouts, Elton Glover,  
Charles Freeman, Earlyn Wheeler,  
Robert Yark, John Adams  
The Future, Bertha Mudgett

Peace, Evelyn Cole  
Voice from Flanders Fields, Madeline Brinck  
Voice from the Civil War,

Herald,	Ernest Hancock
World War Soldier,	Ronald Keddy
Red Cross Nurse,	Philip Hamlin
Boys and Girls of To-day, represented	Frances Lane

by a chorus of the younger students. A chorus assisted throughout the program by the interspersing of war songs. Several friends were present to enjoy the program with the members of

At a recent meeting of the Undergraduate Association the following of-

Assistants Managers Basketball,  
Ronald Keady, Allen French

Assistant Managers Baseball,  
Clarence Rice, Philip Hamlin  
Assistant Managers Track,  
Leo Stearns, Wallace Saunders  
Assistant Managers Tennis,

Milan Chapin, John Adams  
Three Leaders,  
Malcolm Matheson, Virginia Goodnow

## DEACON DUBBS

The play, "Deacon Dubbs," is to be given under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers association, November 24 and 25.

It is one of Baker's best rural comedies and the local cast can't be beat. Love, pathos and comedy, combined

to afford many a laugh in an entire evening of wholesome entertainment. Mrs. Ralph Young is director of the play and Mrs. Eugene Vandenkerekeoven is the coach.

The proceeds of this effort will be devoted to playground equipment, pictures, etc., for the grammar and primary schools.

Many women and men are devoting  
their time to this community cause and  
the Association hopes for a general sup-  
port and patronage.

The cast for the play is as follows:

James Noble.	Hugh Thornton
Amos Coleman.	Ernest P. Baker
Clinton F. Swales.	H. C. Rowe
Major McKinn.	Percy Haddock
Edmund J. Jones	Leslie H. Smith

Baby Wright  
 Baby Fletcher  
 Mrs. Wanda Thurston  
 Mrs. Myra Mae Brown

**SYNOPSIS**  
Act I. A country auction. The Deacons arrive from Hingham.

**Sunday visitors at Mrs. Hendrick's**  
and Mrs. Homan's were Mr. C. W. Row.

trick of Litchfield, Supt. of Schools, his two children and Mrs. H. P. Kendrick and two daughters, Misses Susan and Catherine Kendrick, nephew Mr. How.

ard Wagg of Lewiston, Mr. and Mrs.  
Howard Howard, Mrs. Pearl Howard  
and children of Hamford.

100

[illegible]







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Ed B. Merrill, Sec.

TER, No. 102, O. R.

ic Hall the first Wed-

each month. Mrs.

W. M.; Mrs. Pearl

ODGE, No. 31, I. O.

air hall every Friday

oburn, N. G.; A. O.

KAH LODGE, No. 64,

in Odd Fellows' Hall

Monday evenings of

Lilla Morgan, N. G.;

Secretary.

NGE, No. 22, K. of P.

all the first and third

g, K. of B. and S.

PLE, No. 68, PYTH-

ects the second and

evenings of each

Hall. Mrs. Carrie

rs. Constance Wheel-

No. 84, G. A. R.,

ews' Hall the second

days of each month.

Commander; I. C.

L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

C, No. 36, meets in

ll the second and

evenings of each

man, President;

eler, Secretary.

NT POST, No. 31,

ON, meets the first

month in its room.

Commander; Lloyd L.

Association. Meet-

each month at Gran-

school year. Pres.

Godwin; Secretary,

ankerehoven.

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Washing Machine Was  
Idea of Englishman

Back in the Eighteenth century an Englishman had a bright idea of a way to save women much cruelly hard work. He invented and patented the first washing machine. It was a barrel mounted upon a frame and was turned by hand. Crude as was this first washing machine it really washed clothes clean and did it comparatively quickly. This was the first step in conserving women's strength and time instead of consuming them by the tub and rub-board method of washing clothes.

After that many developments and changes were made in the washing machine, but all of these washing machines were either hand-run, or in a few cases, driven by water motors. So it continued until about 1907, when an American conceived the idea of using an electric motor to operate the washing machine. Thus, he capped a climax started in England nearly 200 years ago.

If it took all this time to develop the electric washer, since 1907 great improvements have been made and today in the United States 105 different companies are manufacturing electric washers and approximately 3,000,000 women are using them to do the weekly washing.—Chicago Post.

Gestures in Oratory  
Must Be Spontaneous

It is dangerous to attempt "oratory" or gestures taught by schools of oratory. Gestures need not be used at all, and if used must be really felt by the speaker and come naturally.

The first speech of Benjamin Disraeli in the house of commons, accompanied by windmill gestures and oratorical poses which he had painstakingly studied, threw the house into such convulsions of laughter that he was obliged to sit down.

Disraeli had oily hair and an unimpressive appearance. It is all the more interesting to note that after such a humiliating failure in his opening effort, Disraeli, by observation and study, corrected his faults in speaking, and eventually rose under Queen Victoria to become one of England's greatest prime ministers.

The best way to learn to speak is to do it; but one should not miss opportunities to hear good speakers.—Fruit "Cheese" the Night Career, by Edward D. Toland.

## Washing in Various Ages

After the decline and fall of the Roman empire washing and soap went to a large degree out of fashion. But it gradually came back into use during the latter part of the Middle Ages although the houses of aristocrats took the place of the luxurious marble baths of the Roman era. Here people washed themselves, when they did wash, and here also all clothing was washed.

In fact, washing clothes at the side of a stream is still the popular laundry method of a considerable part of Europe, South America, Africa and Asia. Kipling tells of the "dhoti" or washerman who spends his life in breaking stones with clothes. This Hindu is doing nothing out of the way. He is simply practicing the gentle art of laundry work just as all the world did it until the advent of the washing machine.

## Sands Dreaded by Sailors

The Goodwin sands are a dangerous line of shoals at the entrance to the Strait of Dover from the North sea about six miles from the Kent shore. The sands are shifting all the time and attempts to erect lighthouses or beacon have failed. There are light play buoys and four lightships, but many wrecks have occurred, the worst being the loss of 13 men-of-war in November, 1703. Tradition says that the sands are the remnants of the islands of Lomen, which belonged to Earl Goodwin in the Eleventh century. The abbot of St. Augustine at Canterbury used the money which should have been spent on a sea wall for the purpose of building Tenterden steeple, so that in 1060 the unprotected island was inundated.

## Maybe So

The professor saw a worm making its laborious way up an iron telephone pole. He thought the critter had made a mistake, so he placed it on the sidewalk near a tree. But the worm again started up the telephone pole. Some-thing amused the professor called the attention of a passing friend to this. "I suppose," said the latter, "that worms have to adjust themselves to living conditions the same as the rest of us. He's probably going up to get some electric juice for breakfast."—Lancashire Courier-Journal.

## Really Worth More

"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen," shouted the showman at the fair, "and see the woman get saved in two before your very eyes. Only a Carter."

"I'll risk that much," said a bystander, "though of course, it must be a trick. Otherwise, they'd charge more."

## Considered the Lions

"What shall we play next?" asked Betty. "Well," said Bobby, after some thought, "we haven't played Daniel in the Lion's den for some time. Let's play that." It was Betty's turn to think. "It's a good game," she admitted finally, "but I'm saving it until after the circus comes and goes. We don't want to make the lions nervous."

Health  
and Home

## FEEDING BABY DURING SUMMER

Milk is recognized as the ideal food for young children. It should be carefully guarded during the warm summer months, to insure its freedom from germs or bacteria that might cause harm to the child. Because of its nature, it is, under certain conditions, a breeding and propagating ground for germs. Life about may soon become unfit for use unless it is handled with the utmost care and vigilance. Perhaps the ideal way to obviate this risk is through the use of evaporated milk. This milk is only pure milk with sixty per cent of the water removed from it and is absolutely sterile. It is of double richness but may be modified by the addition of water, which will return it to its original volume with a greatly enhanced food value.

Evaporated milk is sterilized and has a high nutritive content. This causes it to be a very excellent food for the young child and the infant. In fact, many of the leading pediatricians of the country advocate its use after the child is deprived of its mother's milk. A formula, evolved by these pediatricians, through experimentation, is as follows:

From Sixth Week to Third Month.  
Milk, evaporated ..... 6 ounces  
Lime water ..... 3 ounces  
Milk sugar ..... 2 ounces  
Boiled water ..... 28 ounces  
Seven feedings in twenty-four hours: 4 to 5 ounces at three-hour intervals during the day and four-hour intervals at night.

From Third Month to Fifth Month.  
Milk, evaporated ..... 7½ ounces  
Lime water ..... 3 ounces  
Milk sugar ..... 2 ounces  
Boiled water ..... 29½ ounces  
Six feedings in twenty-four hours: 5 to 6 ounces at three-hour intervals during the day and 4 feedings at 10 p. m.

From Fifth to Seventh Month.  
Milk, evaporated ..... 10 ounces  
Lime water ..... 3 ounces  
Milk sugar ..... 2 ounces  
Boiled water ..... 27 ounces  
Five feedings in twenty-four hours: 6 to 7 ounces at four-hour intervals; the last feeding to be given at 10 p. m.

From Seventh to Ninth Month.  
Milk, evaporated ..... 11 ounces  
Lime water ..... 3 ounces  
Milk sugar ..... 2 ounces  
Boiled water ..... 25 ounces  
7 to 8 ounces at four-hour intervals during the day. Last feeding at ten at night.

From Ninth to Twelfth Month.  
Milk, evaporated ..... 12 ounces  
Lime water ..... 3 ounces  
Milk sugar ..... 2 ounces  
Boiled water ..... 23 ounces  
8 to 9 ounces at four-hour intervals during the day. Last feeding at ten at night.

The  
KITCHEN  
CABINET

16, 1925, Western Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
A garden is a loveable thing. God wot.  
Home plot.  
Fruitful plot.  
Fruitful plot.  
The veriest school of peace; and yet the cool contents that God is not.  
Not God in gardens, when the eve is cool? Nay, but I have a sign.  
"Tis very sure God walks in mine.

## A FEW NICE COOKIES

A cookie jar well filled is a good asset in any household. They may pass with a dish of fruit, for dessert, with a glass of milk, or as a thrifty caller, as never-ending pleasure to the children and are a good "filler in" at any meal.

**Nut Cookies.**—Beat two eggs, and one cupful of light brown sugar and beat again to a cream. Add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one cupful of walnut meats chopped fine. Mix well and drop from the end of a teaspoon on a greased baking sheet. Bake a delicate brown.

**Crisp Cookies.**—Take five-eighths of a cupful of butter or shortening, one cupful of powdered sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, ginger and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of lemon extract and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder and three and one-half to four cupfuls of flour. Mix the butter and half the flour together until smooth, then add the sugar, eggs, salt, the nutmeg and the lemon extract, and mix well. Sift the baking powder with the rest of the flour and add gradually. If the cookies are to be rolled, combine the flour with sugar and cinnamon; if to be dropped or rolled or made into balls, combine them with pure lemon and cinnamon before rolling. Bake until crisp.

**Plain Cookies.**—Take one cupful of sugar and add to it one-third cupful of butter softened, then add one egg well beaten, two and one-fourth cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add vanilla in taste; if you do not want it mix with the flour, oil and salt, cut into rounds and bake in a hot oven.

Nellie Maxwell

## CANTON

Mrs. Evelyn Dunn has been at the C. M. G. Hospital the past week, where she had a toe amputated, which has been bothering her for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Jones have gone to New York City for the winter.

Mrs. M. B. Packard fell down the cellar stairs at her home a week ago and injured herself severely but no bones were broken.

Mrs. Anna H. Bailey has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Nancy Knowles, of Gardiner.

Frank Richardson, John T. Lindley, Frank Monson, Charles West and Howard Heary have been on a hunting trip to B Pond.

Cola York went to the C. M. G. Hospital, Friday, and submitted to an operation for appendicitis, Saturday. He was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Luelia York.

Mrs. Emma Brown was a visitor in Lewiston, Thursday. She is greatly improved in health.

Miss Sarah J. Bailey has been visiting in Andover, Rumford and Auburn. Mrs. Blanche Richardson and Mrs. Mary P. Richardson have closed their home for the winter and moved to one of the rents of H. F. Richardson in the village.

The grade schools gave a unique entertainment at the high school building, Friday evening, which was largely attended. The first part consisted of music, recitations, etc., while the second part was a wonderful auto show by all the grades. A goodly number of children were dressed up bearing cards with the names of different autos. Harold Hall won the first prize for a Chevrolet. Then the cars were tested, first with a blowout, Mrs. Larson giving the prize for blowing a feather out of a tumbler first second, balloon tires, and the longest, which was Barbara Boudette, third, Emma Betty Taylor.

Winning the prize for sounding the best time with her mouth fourth, speed, the one cutting a tape lengthwise the quickest being Mary Lysaght fifth, adding, was by Winona Nielsen, who stood on one foot the nearest to a minute, each guessing the time. Then an auto all in running order was the next attraction. This was a Ford with five passengers aboard, dressed in fantastic costumes. Opened umbrellas were the wheels, and when a blowout occurred, they were quickly closed. After the entertainment games were played and dancing enjoyed. Confectionery was on sale. Although this was a seven cent affair, quite a good sum was secured to purchase something for the school, and all enjoyed the program.

A surprise and farewell party was given last week to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sanders, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Packard, the day being their fifth wedding anniversary. Over thirty were present and the evening was pleasantly passed. Ice cream and cake were served. During the evening Mrs. Packard and in behalf of the guests presented Mr. and Mrs. Sanders with a good sized party of music. They fondly responded with heartfelt thanks. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and two children, Phyllis and Barbara, will leave about the first of December for California to make their home. The people of Canton deeply regret their departure from the community where they are highly esteemed, and their best wishes go with them.

Canton bill and date carriers won the meet at Lisbon Falls, Saturday. Miss Ethelyn Davenport of Hartford is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wilma Richardson.

A happy social gathering was held at the United Baptist church, Thursday evening with about thirty present. Speeches were made and singing enjoyed. Cake, sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee were served by the Ladies' Aid.

Officers of the Farm Bureau were held at the town hall, Monday afternoon.

Brothers' Day was observed at the town hall, Saturday with a good program of instrumental and vocal music, readings, remarks and discussion of the question, "What inheritance has been of the greatest importance to the world's progress?" Mr. and Mrs. Ira T. Monson of Portland (Maine) and Frank C. Clegg of Lewiston (Maine) assisted in the program.

Many friends of Hartford school are on a lecture tour on a boat at the C. M. G. Hospital, Monday. He was accompanied to the hospital by the boat, Mrs. Alice Turner.

Mrs. Ella Davenport attended a group meeting at East Rumford, Saturday, and stayed in Auburn the first of the week.

Wednesday was observed as Parents' Day in the schools. There are twenty-five pupils in the grade schools and thirty-eight in the high school. Two hundred and five pupils are enrolled in the village school.

Arthur Dudley, Dorothy Morse and Arthur Niles made the latest hit in the high school for the first six weeks.

Balsac's Working Methods

Balsac, the famous French novelist, while at work was accustomed to write from two o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening. He slept only six hours and ate only fruit and vegetables.

## ANDOVER

The Ladies' Aid of the Congregational church served a baked bean and pastry supper in the town hall Wednesday evening that was well patronized.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Crossman have moved to the Noble Small farm for the winter, where Mr. Crossman will work for Fred Milton the owner.

Mr. Edward Straw has moved his family to the farm of Mr. Milton on Upper Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clark were called to Providence, R. I., Saturday by the illness of his mother.

Miss Amelia Marston is assisting Mrs. Leon Worthley with her house work.

Tuesday, Nov. 17, the ladies of the Farm Bureau held an all day meeting in the hall that was well attended. The subject, "Nutrition," was very instructive. Miss Gladys Page was present.

Mr. Donald B. Wight, principal of the high school, spent the week end with friends in Portland.

Mrs. Cecil Sweett has been visiting friends in Massachusetts and New Hampshire the past week.

Harold Tribon, salesman for the Ford Motor Co., Rumford, was in town last week.

Mrs. Edward McNeal is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hewey.

Mrs. Abbie Poor, who has spent the summer in Andover, leaves town this week for Boston. She will spend several weeks with friends in Baltimore and New York before returning to her home in Portland.

Frank Morgan caught two bobcats in his traps at Andover Surplus, Saturday. The large one, presumably the mother, weighed 18 pounds. Mr. Morgan carried the young one home alive.

Mrs. Frank Perly leaves town this week for her home in Somerville, Mass.

LOOKER'S MILLS

Herbert Day caught another bear in a trap last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Howe and daughter of Hanover visited at W. B. Rankin, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Davis and Mary and Mrs. W. H. Crockett were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wash Heald at North Bethel, Sunday.

Mrs. Lester Watson and child of Portland were guests of Mrs. Donald Tobbes last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ruffer of Stamford, Conn., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. King Bartlett, over Sunday. Friends of Mrs. Ann O. Emery are sorry to learn of her illness at the home of Mrs. Abbie Trank.

Workable Tuition

Women learn to swim sooner than men because the men have to teach themselves.—New York American.

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### Crude Hooks in Use by Early Fishermen

In France several caves have been found in which men are believed to have lived about 200,000 years ago. In these were found what are probably the oldest fishhooks so far known to have been used by man.

These first-known hooks consist of a stone ground down into the shape of a small banana with a ridge cut in the middle, the string, or whatever was used for a line, having been tied around the stone in this ridge. Cave-men of ages ago took this banana-shaped stone and covered it with meat. Then they kindly allowed a fish to swallow the whole thing.

Then the fisherman would give a pull on the string, or whatever it was. The "hook" would straighten out horizontally and therefore refuse to come out of the water without the fish, so, when the fisherman hauled in, the fish with the hook caught in his gullet, would keep the crude fishhook company.

Around the lakes of Switzerland scientists have found various kinds of hooks considerably later than those crude relics from France. Many of the Swiss hooks are of bronze, some having barbs, but the really ancient ones were barbed and consisted of two hooks at right angles to each other.

### Cut Flowers Arranged to Express Sentiment

There is romance in the arrangement of cut flowers. At least that is what Japanese girls and women, who spend many hours in the arrangement of a few flowers, believe. It is lucky to have an odd number of flowers, they think. Three is a favorite number, although one, five and even seven are used.

A three-flower arrangement represents heaven, earth and man. The water in the vase or bowl represents the surface of the earth and each flower is arranged at a different distance from it. The flower representing earth naturally has the shortest stem, that standing for man having a longer one and heaven the longest stem. Each of the flowers is always tipped in a different direction.

In the spring the Japanese women bend the flower stems slightly to represent flowers in the wind. When a member of the household goes away, a willow branch is bent and arranged in a vase to represent sorrow for his departure. When flowers are to be given away it is customary to give them in bud. Red flowers are used only for funerals.

### Called Gas "Wild Spirit"

John Baptist Van Helmont, a chemist of Brussels, born in 1577, is credited with the first recorded scientific observation of gas. He noted that his heated crucibles did "belch forth a wild spirit, or breath," which he called "geist" or "geist," the Dutch and German for ghost or spirit. "That is how gas got its name."

Van Helmont was searching for a means to turn base metals to gold. Had he found a method and transmitted the formula to his successors it is doubtful if the world would have been greatly benefited.

On the other hand his "wild spirit," now tamed and at the command of the humblest household, is a daily and hourly necessity in hundreds of thousands of homes. It supplies all the heat required in huge factories, and is equally adaptable for a single jet.

### Malthusian Theory

In an essay Thomas Robert Malthus (1768-1834), a distinguished political economist of his day, pointed out that the natural tendency of population is to increase more rapidly than the means of subsistence, and that hence the time will come when population will outgrow the means of food supply. He counseled that governments should pass laws to restrict marriages, and thus limit the increase of population. These views were not original with Malthus, but were enunciated not only by Plato and Aristotle, but also by Franklin, Hume and others in modern times. It was the merit of Malthus to have presented the doctrine in systematic form, with elaborate proofs derived from history.—Kansas City Star.

### Old Belief Is Error

The Department of Agriculture says that in some regions certain organisms belonging to the genus *Cordelia*, and which closely resemble horse flies, are not uncommon. They get into the water by leaving insects and other small organisms in which they have previously lived. They go into the water for the purpose of mating and depositing their eggs. These latter are microscopic and give rise to microscopic young which encyst in snailshells, some of which later find their way into suitable hosts and grow to the size of the so-called hair snakes. This all takes place inside the snail. The hairs from the snail and tail of a horse will not, however, come to life.

### Brick Goes Far Back

Progress in brick making is typified by improved manufacturing methods and by the numerous and beautiful brick faces that now adorn modern home buildings. Brick, like cement, has been made for centuries. It is perhaps, the oldest manufactured building material, going back fully 2500 years before the time of Abraham. Even in America the use of brick dates back to the time when the Indians in the Southwest made adobe brick thousands of years before the white man came.

### Sanitation Plays Important Part

Despite Progress Already  
Made There Is Room for  
Improvement.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Though the influence of sanitary surroundings in preventing disease is widely recognized, the very direct part it plays is illustrated almost daily in federal veterinary activities. One of the most important lines of this work is the eradication of tuberculosis from live stock. Owing to the systematic manner in which the testing is conducted, together with records of infected herds, definite records now take the place of casual observations.

In one herd tested annually for a period of three years, each test disclosed at least two tuberculous animals. The premises and stable were in such condition that thorough disinfection was virtually impossible, and rather than improve conditions the owner finally quit the dairy business. In contrast to this experience are scores of cases in which infected herds, kept in sanitary barns, are soon freed of tuberculosis and kept so for long periods.

### Striking Example.

One of the most striking examples reported to the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, was that of an Eastern dairyman who had an excellent herd which he kept in a very old dark barn. The herd numbered between 30 and 40 animals, mostly pure bred, and the owner paid several thousand dollars apiece for some of his sires. This was some years ago when public enlightenment concerning tuberculosis was just beginning. Frequent deaths occurred in the herd and finally the dairyman decided to have his cattle tuberculin tested. The first test showed a large proportion of reactors, and later tests took still more, indicating that infection was still on the premises. Ultimately his herd, representing years of breeding work and a large investment, was practically wiped out. The cost of a few good cows used in the construction of a modern, sanitary barn would have protected the large investment in the herd and prevented the inroads of the disease.

So important is the sanitary condition under which cattle are kept, with relation to their health, that the United States Department of Agriculture now pays federal indemnity for tuberculous stock only after the premises have been properly disinfected. This is a new ruling based on an interpretation of federal laws and regulations and on many of the state laws. A thorough clean-up is necessary, of course, before disinfection can be properly performed.

The ruling is expected to be helpful in reducing the number of reactors found on retests of infected herds. Unless disinfection is promptly and thoroughly done following the removal of tuberculous cattle from a farm, there is serious danger of continued lurking infection which may mean reactors to pay for at a later time. Such a practice is contrary to good business methods and the program of federal economy.

### Room for Improvement.

Practical live stock sanitation includes such matters as good drainage, removal of manure at frequent intervals, foundations of concrete or other material that does not rot or harbor infection, good light and ventilation, and smooth walls, floors and ceilings that can be easily cleaned and disinfected. The trend of progress is plainly in the direction of better care and housing of farm live stock, since sanitation pays both in a business way and from a health standpoint. But in spite of the excellent progress already made, department officials point out that there is abundant opportunity for more attention to this important subject.

### Commercial Fertilizer Helps to Keep Up Humus

If you are short of stable manure and are using vegetable refuse of various kinds, and green manure, to keep up the humus supply in your soil, you will need a commercial fertilizer.

A 5-10-5 fertilizer is recommended. It should be used at the rate of a pound to every 50 square feet. If you cannot get the above formula, get a 4-8-4 or some other high in the middle and lower at the ends.

The numbers, which stand like a faithful signal, refer, in alphabetical order, to the percentage of fertilizing material—ammonia, phosphoric acid, and potash.

Where poultry manure is available, it may be used on the garden at the rate of a pound to 10 square feet. Acid phosphate at the rate of a pound to 50 square feet helps to balance it.

Wood ashes are good fertilizer but coal ashes are worthless except to loosen heavy soil. They should be sifted before being used for that purpose.

### Nitrogen in Oak Leaves

Oak leaves contain but a little less nitrogen than stable manure, but this nitrogen is not very available, and the leaves are quite sour. They should be mixed with lime and well soaked over. Then a combination of three parts by weight of bone meal and one part of muriatic acid mixed with the leaves will give a fair substitute for manure. If you have but a few tons, to plants use one of the mixed goods. If the acreage is large it may pay to buy the chemicals and mix at home.

### MAINE

Everywhere we're hearing, "Boost your own home state!" Yes, we hear it everywhere, especially of late.

When enterprising, wide awake young people get together The subject is "Our Town and State," Instead of just the weather.

Now we surely love our country, and to praise her up is great, And to live within her borders, we're glad it is our fate.

But what's the use to bluster and put up such a bluff? We cannot boost her higher because she's high enough.

Of course we'll find no other place just like the State of Maine; Her mountains, and her great seacoast, have brought us world-wide fame.

Then let us love her for her worth, just as we would our Mother. We don't care what the stranger thinks, —we know there is no other.

So here's to Maine's old mountain peaks, and here's to her ocean shores; Just among ourselves she's the best on earth, but don't boost her any more.

For in many a place she is tipped up now, and slants down to the sea. If we boost her higher she might fall flat, and what a catastrophe!

For we prize her now just as she is, so call off all your bluff,— Maine doesn't need to be boosted,— she's perched up high enough.

M. Cairns Abbott, Upton, Maine.

### SPEED KINGS OF DOGDOM CHASE MECHANICAL BUNNY

Down in Kentucky where everyone loves a good race the dog is having his day. And, in these days of speed, the greyhound leads the pack. It is fitted for the swiftest running and leaping. Few horses can keep up with it even in level country and are easily outdistanced on irregular surfaces.

At Erlanger, Ky., greyhound races are the fact, with huge attendance at every running according to Mr. Ray Crockett, the local Exide dealer. Such enthusiasm has been aroused that eight races are run each night, with eight dogs entered in a race. The last event which is the hit of the program is the bubble race. This is the most thrilling of all, since almost anything is liable to happen before the finish line is crossed.

This large, graceful, smooth coated animal, well known in Syria, Egypt and Rome long before the Christian era, has descended to us through the ages. Estimated for its exploits in the chase, this noble dog has condescended to race after a mechanical bunny. One reason may be that it hunts entirely by sight instead of by scent as the majority of dogdom.

Greyhounds have a weakness for rabbit, like all their kind, so a mechanical bunny stuffed by a taxidermist is kept about 25 yards out in front of them throughout the race. This is accomplished by means of a small car upon which is mounted a large motor and an Exide battery. Power is drawn from a third rail, while the function of the battery is to excite the fields of the motor.

The car itself is not visible to the dogs travel at a speed ranging from which is covered throughout by a low frame structure. The holding arm on the end of which the rabbit is held projects through a narrow opening on a level with the track. The rabbit and dogs travel at a speed ranging from 40 to 45 miles per hour.

### SAVE GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TON'S ROYHOD HOME

Editor, Bethel "News."

Dear Sir:

The approaching two-hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth brings to the fore anything pertaining to the Father of His Country. Why Washington's boyhood home is allowed to be such and pathetic country to be regarded as a curiosity and decay, is a cause for wonder.

Last winter I rather casually observed this place, the "Ferry Farm" or "Ferry House Farm" on the banks of the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg, Va. George Washington was born at Wakefield, Va., in 1732. Four years later, Augustine Washington—his father—moved to the Ferry Farm, where he died when George was only eleven. Mary Washington lived on this farm for thirty-nine years. There the Washington children grew up. The Wakefield birthplace was burned, long ago. Mount Vernon, of course, was the home of Washington's maturity. The Ferry Farm, at Fredericksburg, is the only Washington property identified with George Washington, still in private hands.

Features of interest at the Washington Home Farm are the picture where George killed his mother's favorite sorrel colt; the old ferry-house still standing; the original brick foundations of the Washington home; the spring where George drank as a boy; the old survey-office that George used when studying for Lord Fairfax's employ; the spot where George threw the Spanish dollar across the river; and last and most important, the scene of the original and immortal cherry-tree. Enough of patriotic and historic interest so that any other country in the world would make such a place a national shrine, indeed.

The owner of the Farm, J. B. Colbert, claims that crows and blackbirds eat cherries from his other trees, but never touch any from this one. As a historical curiosity, this tree surpasses almost anything I have ever seen. The whole Farm is rich in lore and reminiscences of Washington. It is on the "King's Highway," leading from Washington City to Wakefield. This road is now being made by the government into a 60-foot concrete motor-highway. The whole place is of the most intense interest to all patriotic and lovers of history. Why some promoter does not see its immense value as a show place, or why some patriotic individual or society does not make it into a national shrine, is a great mystery.

Though George Washington grew up there, lived there about fourteen years, and later owned it, the Ferry Farm is still only a simple dairy establishment.

The old buildings should be restored and preserved. They are in constant danger of destruction by the elements and by fire. In this wealthy and liberal country, it is a sad commentary that George Washington's boyhood home is allowed to languish neglected and forsaken.

George Allan England, Bradford, N. H.

To Make Ferns Grow  
Keep your ferns in a deep container because their roots extend far in the earth.

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Red Cross Annual Roll Call  
NOVEMBER 11th to 26th  
THIS YEAR—a Tornado  
and an Earthquake!  
The RED CROSS did not fail  
Now the Red Cross asks you to join—  
surely YOU will not fail  
Misfortune—disaster—lives lost and threatened—in these moments the great work of the Red Cross is keenly felt.  
This very year the competence of the Red Cross in times of catastrophe was magnificently illustrated both at Santa Barbara, shaken by earthquake, and in the five middle western states that were swept by a tornado.  
Always the Red Cross is ready to help, to provide food, shelter, medical care, clothing. And in countless other ways, less dramatic perhaps, but vital for the welfare of human beings, the Red Cross renders its humane aid: Public Health Nursing, Nutrition Service, Life Saving Instruction, Service to Disabled Veterans—for every need the Red Cross is ready.  
This great organization needs constant support. Now the Red Cross asks your support. Asks you to enroll—it costs you one dollar. Can you do anything but respond to the call?  
JOIN NOW!  
Give your subscription to either the Chairman, Mrs. E. E. Whitney; the Secretary, Mrs. H. E. Jordan; the Treasurer, Mr. I. L. Carver, or a collector who may call at your door.

That's what every woman longs for. Some have it. Many lose it by careless eating, by constipation or other preventable causes. But there's a remedy, and it's not too late to get back your complexion. Don't be too eager to try something new, but turn back to those days of long-ago when our mothers and grandmothers knew how to safeguard the health of their children.

It was then that the good "L.F." ATWOOD Medicine was a treasure in the home. It never failed to overcome indigestion, constipation, biliousness. It will not fail you now.

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New 10c size, by mail, if not at your dealer's.









## NAMELESS RIVER

VINGIE E. ROE

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### SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—Kate Cathrew, "Cattle Kate," owner of the Sky Line ranch, on her way to McKane's store at Corcora, seemingly infuriated by the sight of a girl plowing in a valley below, places a rifle bullet near the horses' feet. The girl takes no notice.

**CHAPTER II.**—Nance Allison, the girl on whom Kate Cathrew had vented her spite, is with her widowed mother and estranged brother Sud, farming land taken up by her father. Killed a short time before in a mysterious accident. But in the victim of a deliberate attempt to maim or kill him. Kate Cathrew wants the farm for pasture land, and is trying to frighten the Allison into leaving.

**CHAPTER III.**—Big Basford, Sky Line rider, desperately in love with Kate, picks a quarrel with a fellow rider, Rod Stone. Kate, to part them, lashes Basford across the face with a quirt.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Nance discovers in a cave a few colored dogs, evidently guarding a child. She tries in vain to overcome the dog's hostility and goes home mystified.

**CHAPTER V.**—Next day Nance returns to the cave with food and makes friends with the dog and the small boy, Sonny. He tells her "Brand" takes care of him and which she calls Nance promises him to return next day with more "noddies."

**CHAPTER VI.**—Selwood in certain Kate Cathrew is the head of a "cattle raising" syndicate with Lawrence Atwood, her partner, who rarely visits the ranch. Minnie, Nance's half-sister, is in love with Rod Stone.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Nance's complaint of the stealing of their cattle and Nance's threat to Selwood for his seeming inactivity.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Nance, visiting Sonny and Dirk in the cave, meets "Brand," and is favorably impressed. He tells her his name is "Brand," which is also Nance's, and obtains her promise to keep their presence a secret.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Nance becomes keenly interested in Brand Fair. The Allison realize the destruction in the work of Kate Cathrew.

**CHAPTER X.**—Fair sees Sud Province, one of the Sky Line ranch riders, in Blue Stone canyon, and tells Nance to tell him to leave the boy with her, and he consents.

**CHAPTER XI.**—A few nights later cattle are turned into the cave, and the crop destroyed. The Allison realize the destruction in the work of Kate Cathrew.

### CHAPTER XII

"Get-Out-of-That-Door!"

That was a bitter note to Nance.

The day was sweet with the accents and sounds of summer. Birds called from the thickets, high up the pine tops, stirred by a little wind, sang their everlasting diapason, while she could hear far back the voice of Nameless, growing fainter as she left it.

At another time she would have kissed nothing of all this, would have festered in it, drunk with the wine of nature. Now a shadow hung over all the fair expanse of slope and mountain range, an oppression heavy, almost, as the hand of death sat on her heart.

She rode slowly, letting Buckskin take his own time and way, her hands held listlessly on her pommel, her faded brown riding skirt swinging at her ankles. She had discarded her delectable bonnet for a wide felt hat of Bud's and her bright hair shone under it like dull gold. She was scarcely thinking. She had given way to feeling—to feeling the acid of defeat eating at her vitals, the hand of an intangible force pressing upon her.

And she had to face McKane and tell him she could not pay her debt. That seemed the worst of all. She said so without their necessities—her Mammy's shoes and Bud's new underwear—and as for the luxuries she had planned, like the blue dress and the carpet-whip, she would cease thinking about them at once, though the giving up of the carpet whip came back to her promptly to say, "No, that was all to her spirit! However, I couldn't tell them, she reasoned, no matter how bitter might be their reaction. There was always another day, another year, for work and hope, and there were still the boys. They would bring, at least, enough for the store's food supply of flour and sugar, salt and tea.

She could not turn them in on the spot—the trader must see that.

Corcora lay sleeping under a late Monday sun when she rode into the end of the struggling street. A few horses were tied to the hitch rack in front of the store and a half dozen men lounged on the porch. Nance went hot and cold at sight of them.

She had hoped all the way down that McKane would be alone, for no conversation inside the store could fall to be audible on the porch. It would be hard enough to talk to him without the presence of an audience.

She felt terribly alien, as if those people were allied against her, and yet she could not discern among the loungers anyone from Sky Line.

As she drew near she did see with a startled thrill that Sheriff Price had just turned back against the door, his feet on the nose of his chair.

At sight of him a bit of the distress left her, a faint confidence took its place. She remembered his kindly eyes that could harden and narrow so quickly, his way of understanding things and people.

She dismounted and tied Buckskin under a tree and went forward. As she mounted the steps the sheriff looked up, rose and raised his hat. Nance smiled at him more gratefully than she knew.

Then she stepped inside the door—and came face to face with Kate Cathrew who was just coming out. McKane was behind her carrying a small sack which held her mail and some few purchases.

The two women stopped instantly, their eyes upon each other.

It was the first time they had met thus pointedly.

At sight of this woman whose unproved, hidden workings had meant so much to her, Nance Allison's face went slowly white.

She stood still in the door, straight and quiet, and looked at her in silence.

At the prolonged intensity of her scrutiny Kate Cathrew flung up her head and snarled, a conscious, insolent action.

"If you don't want all the door, young woman," she said, "please."

There was an abrupt dignity in the motion, a sort of fastidious authority.

"I do," said the girl, "want it all. I have something to tell McKane, and you may as well hear it."

The imperious face of Kate Cathrew flushed darkly with the rising tide of her temper.

"Get-out-of-That-Door!" she said distinctly, but for once she was not obeyed.

The big girl standing on the threshold looked over her head at the trader.

She made a move to pass, but Nance suddenly put out her hand.

er. There was a little white line pinched in at the base of Nance's nostrils, her blue eyes were colder and narrower than any one had ever seen them in her life.

"McKane," she said clearly, so that the trader behind her could hear every syllable, "you know what a cattle raising syndicate we have here. You know how close to the end I've come to get my share of the money. You know how close to the end I've come to get my share of the money."

"Yes," said the trader, "I know."

"Up till six months ago when I had to go in debt for a new harness or do no work in my field this season, I told you when I bought it, didn't I, only I had to buy it."

"Yes," said the trader.

"It was because someone went into my harness one night and cut the all harness into ribbons. That put me in debt to you for the first time."

She stopped and wet her lips. There was the sound of someone rising on the porch and Price Selwood moved in behind her.

She felt like there and a thrill went through her, as if he had put a hand on her shoulder.

"I told you when I bought it that I'd pay you when my corn was ripe—that, if it went well, I'd have far and away more than enough. Well, it went well—well, it was like yesterday I'd come out ahead and be able to meet that debt and live besides."

This morning that debt of corn was gone—trampled out—out to pieces like my harness—trampled out by a dirt by hand of cattle that had been driven—driven, you understand—over every

foot of it. There was a wide gap cut in the fence at the upper end. That's all—but I can't pay my debt to you."

She stopped and a sharp silence fell. Outside the store in the shade the stallion Bluefire screamed and stamped.

Kate Cathrew took a quick step forward.

"What for did you tell this driver before me?" she said. "What's it to me?"

"Nothing, I know," said Nance; "maybe a laugh—maybe a hope. My big flats on the river'd feed a pretty bunch of cattle through. And home-standers have been driven out of the cattle country before now."

"You husky!" cried Kate, and, heading back she hung up the hand which held the braided quirt. The lash snapped viciously, but Nance Allison was quicker than the whip. Her own arm flashed up and she caught the descending wrist in the grip of a hand which held a plow all spring.

Like a lever her arm came down and forced Kate's hand straight down to her knee, so that the flaming black eyes were within a few inches of her face.

"Woman," said Nance clearly, "I'm living up to my lights the best I can. I'm holding myself hard to walk in the straight road. The hand of God is before my face and you can't hurt me—not lastingly. Now you—get-out-of—that-door."

And turning, she moved Selwood with her as she swung the other, whirling like a dervish, clear to the middle of the porch.

Kate Cathrew's face was livid, terrible to look upon.

She ran the short distance to the end of the platform, leaped off and darted to her horse, her hands clanging at the rifle which hung on her saddle.

Selwood pushed Nance inside the store and flung the door shut.

"That woman's a maniac for the moment," he said, "you're best in the long run."

When Kate came running back with the gun in her hands he faced her before the closed door, his hands in his pockets.

If any of the horse watchers had had a doubt of Price Selwood's courage they lost it then, for he took his life in his hands.

"Kate," he said quietly, "put up that gun. This isn't outlaw country. If you make a blunder you'll hang just like any other murderer—even if you are Kate Cathrew."

For a moment the woman looked at him as a trapped animal might have done, her lips loose and shaking, her eyes mad with rage.

Then she struck the rifle, butt down, on the hard earth and with a full-mouthed oath, flung around the corner, tore the stallion's reins from the ring in the wall and mounted with a whirl.

She struck Bluefire once and was gone down the road in a streak of dust. Selwood opened the door.

"A narrow shave," he said gravely, "if that had happened anywhere but here you'd be a dead woman, Miss Allison."

"Perhaps," said Nance, "she's taken two shots at me already from the hillside—or someone else. Well—I've told you, McKane, as was your right. Now I'll go back to Nameless."

She turned away, but the trader cleared his throat.

"Ah—about the money for the harness," he said, apologetically, "I—that is—I've got to collect it. Times ain't—"

Price Selwood swung around and shot a look at him.

"Rhy?" he said. "Got to collect—I Ah, yes, I see—at Cattle Kate's request? You are a fool, McKane. Here, Miss Allison—I'm the sheriff of this county. Wouldn't you rather owe me that money than owe it to McKane? I can wait till you raise another crop—I'm not so pushed as our friend here. What do you say?"

Nance raised her eyes to his and they were suddenly soft and blue again. The light line let go about her upper lip and a smile came instead.

"You know my pappy—and I have not forgot how kind you were after—after—Yes, Mr. Selwood, I'd rather owe you, a whole lot rather, and I'll work doubly hard to pay you back."

Selwood drew a sigh from his pocket.

"How much, McKane?" he asked.

The trader suddenly seemed the amount and revealed it on the spot.

"Now, if you'd just as soon," said the sheriff, "let me out to Nameless with you, let me to take a look at that trampled harness."

As they left the town and rode out into the trail that led to Nameless, McKane said to the sheriff and drew a long, deep breath.

"You feel like that?" he asked.

"Feeling," said the sheriff, "like a man who's just been hit by a hammer. That debt to McKane was a heavy one."

"The matter is getting into deep water," said the sheriff, "I'd like to see him do it."

"How do you water?"

"He's taking more and more into Cattle Kate's power and all for nothing. He knows it, but he's taking it. I've seen the like before. She's a bad woman to be sure."

"Yes, her type is always handsome, but I'm surprised to hear you say so."

"Why?" asked the girl, wonderingly.

"Because most women late to admit beauty in another, and of all people on Nameless, you have the least reason to see anything attractive in her."

Nance sighed again, thinking of her lost childhood and of her present appalling poverty.

"As near as I'll let myself come to Kate," she said, "I hate her. I've got to fight it mighty hard. You know

how hard it is to fight that way—in side your own soul."

"Hardest battleground we ever stand on," said Selwood, with conviction. "I've had some skirmishes there myself—and I can't say I always came off victor."

"You can't, sometimes, without a lot of prayer," returned Nance soberly; "I've pretty near worn out my knees on the job."

Selwood wanted to laugh at her in time.

"They rode for a time in silence. Nance and Bluefire ahead, the sheriff following on his lean bay horse."

Presently Nance turned with a hand on her pony's rump and looked at him speculatively.

"You sort of lay up something to Cattle Kate about this rustling, don't you?" she asked.

"I've watched her for months, but can't get anything on her—not anything tangible."

"I was in Little Blue canyon the other day," said Nance, "and saw Sud Province pass his mouth in Blue Stone driving a red steer north. I've wondered a lot where he could have been taking it."

"North in Blue Stone? That's odd. There isn't enough feed in that canyon to graze a calf two days."

"And what's at its head?" asked Nance, "I've never seen clear up."

"Blue Stone heads high in the Deep Heart hills," said the sheriff, "but about eight miles up from its mouth on Nameless its right wall falls abruptly away for a distance of a couple of miles and there one can go out on the open plain that stretches over toward the Sawtooth range and leads out to Marston and the railroad. There's some bunch grass there, but mighty little water. Nothing but the stream in the canyon itself to come back to. And cattle driven so far away from the home range would be a poor risk. It seems to me, for Sky Line."

"Well—I wondered about it. Thought I'd tell you any way."

"I'm glad you did. I shall remember it."

At the barest glance Nance led Selwood to the corral's lower gate and left him.

"Go over it if you want," she said, "and I'll be out in a minute or so."

At the cabin she told Sonny to go into her room and stay until she came for him.

"I feel guilty," she thought, "for I can trust the sheriff, but Brand asked me to keep him hidden. I've got to be true to my promise."

"You ask the sheriff to supper," said Mrs. Allison, "I'll kill a fryer or make some biscuits."

When Nance went out she found Selwood examining the trampled field minutely.

"Must have had 50 head or more," he said, "and five or six riders. Sud Province was one of them."

"Yes. How can you tell?"

"I know his horse's tracks," grinned the sheriff, "it's that big gray gelding."

### CHAPTER XIII

"We're Our Pappy's Own—and We Belong on Nameless."

That night at dusk as Nance sat in the open door with Sonny sprawling in her lap, Dirk shot out across the yard like a stray streak and headed away toward the river.

He made no outcry, but went straight as a dart, and presently there came the little crack of shot from the stones of Nameless' lip, and a rider came up out of the farther shadows with the colts leaping in ecstasy against his stirrup.

Something tightened in Nance's throat, a thrill shot through her from head to foot. That strange surge of warmth and light seemed to flood her whole being again.

"Mammy—Bud—" she said softly, "I think Brand Fair is coming."

Bud stirred in the darkened room, but Mrs. Allison was silent.

"Always, soon or late," she thought to herself, "a man comes riding out the night—an' a woman is waiting. It's come late to her—she'll be twenty-two come June—but it's come. An' she don't know it yet."

"Good evening," said a deep voice pleasantly, as the dark horse stopped in the doorway, "is a stranger welcome?"

"We've been listening for you every night," said the girl simply, "it's been a long time."

"Brand" asked the child simply, "strangely friendly to find it's you, isn't it?"

The man dismounted and came forward.

He lifted the boy and kissed him, holding him to his breast, while he laid out a hand to Nance.

At the warm clasp the strange glow inside her deepened strangely.

Mrs. Allison rose and lighted the lamp on the table.

"Come in, stranger," she said, "and sit."

Fair came in and Nance presented him to her two relatives.

Mrs. Allison looked deep in his face with her discerning eye as she gave him her old hand and nodded unconsciously.

With Bud it was a different matter. There was a faint coldness in his young face, a sudden disappearance. But Nance saw none of these things. Her eyes were dark with the sudden dilation of the pupils which this man's presence always caused. There was a soft excitement in her.

For a little while they sat in the well-worn, well-scrubbed and polished room which was parlor, dining room and kitchen, and talked of the warmth of the season, the many deer that were in the hills, and such other matters.

while Sonny clung to the man and de-voured his face with adoring eyes.

Then the mother, looking back to the customs of another time, another environment, saw, bade good-night, signaled her son and retired to the inner regions.

Bud spoke with studied coldness and slumbered after her.

Nance regarded this unusual proceeding with some astonishment. She did not realize that this was the peak of proper politeness in the backwoods of her Mammy's day—that a girl must have her chance and a clear field when a man came "settling up" to her.

And so it was that presently she found herself sitting beside Brand Fair in the doorway, for the man preferred the inconspicuous spot, while Sonny sighed with happiness in his arms and Dirk sat gravely on his plump tall at his master's knee.

Diamond stood like a statue in the further shadows.

A little soft wind was drawing up the river, the stars were thick in the night sky, and something as sweet as fairy music seemed to pulse in the lonely silence.

"Has old-time been good?" Fair wanted to know jocosely, rubbing the curly head which was no longer touched.

"Sure I have, Brand," the little fellow ventured eagerly, "awful good—haven't I, Nance?"

"Miss Allison, Sonny," said Brand severely.

"No—Nance. She told me so herself."

"That settles it. No one could go against such authority. But has he been good?"

"Good?" said Nance. "He's brought all the happiness into this house it's seen for many a long day—or is likely to see."

"That's good hearing," returned the man, "and I have done a lot of riding this past week. Tell me, Miss Allison—what sort of a chap is this sheriff of yours?"

"He's the best man on Nameless river," cried the girl swiftly, "the kindest, the steadiest. I'd trust him with anything."

"Does he talk?"

"Talk?"

"Can he keep a still tongue in his head?"

"I don't know as to that—but I do know he's been a friend to me in my tribulation. He's saved my life today—and he saved me a lot of trouble."

"Saved your life?" queried Fair sharply, "How's that?"

"I swung Cattle Kate Cathrew out of McKane's store and she was going to shoot me, but the sheriff faced her. I told her some things she didn't like."

Fair drew a long breath.

"What was the occasion?" he asked.

"My field of corn," said Nance miserably, her trouble flooding back upon her, "last night it was rich with promise—what I was building on for my debt and my winter's furnishing. This morning it was nothing but a dirty mass of pulp—trampled out by cattle—and we know that a Sky Line rider was behind those cattle. It's some more of the same work that's been going on with us since before our pappy died. It's old stuff—what the cattle kings have done to the homesteaders for many years in this country."

"If we weren't our pappy's own—Bud and I—we'd have been run out long ago. I would, I think, when Bud got hurt. If it hadn't been for him. He's a fighter, and won't let go. The land is ours, right and fair, and he says no bunch of cut-throats is going to take it from us. I say so, too," she finished, doggedly.

Fair reached out a hand and for a moment laid it over her's clasped on her folded arm.

"Miss Allison," he said admiringly, "you're a wonderful woman! Not many men would stick in the face of such colossal misfortunes. You must love your land."

"I do," she said, "but it's something more than that. It's a proving, sort of a battle line, you know, and Bud and I, we're soldiers. We hope we cannot run."

"By George!" said the man, "you can't—you won't. Your kind don't. But it's a grim battle, I can see that."

"It's so grim," said Nance quietly, "that we couldn't survive this winter if it wasn't for the boys that will be ready to mother this fall. McKane wants to give me him on my debt—Cattle Kate want to take him. So the sheriff said to me, he says he can wait till next year for his money—McKane and Cattle Kate can't take him and he'll stay."

"For a while, while they sit in silence while Sonny, playing happy, fell fast asleep in his mother's arms."

Then the man stirred and spoke.

"Miss Allison," he said, "the time has come when I am going to tell you something just a little bit that may give you comfort in this hard going of yours. I want you to know that more than one force is at work against her and all those with her. Sheriff Selwood is not the only one who suspects her of dark dealings—and the others—know. I am that other."

Nance gasped in the shadows. The flickering lamp, blowing in the wind, had gone low.

"You?"

"Yes. That's why I have been so much a mystery in this country—why I have kept Sonny hidden in the ash-yeon—why I have spent two years of my life riding the back places of the West. I knew she was scheming, and I knew she was crooked. The man she has with her are not cattle men—they are criminals, every one."

"Good gracious!" whispered the girl again.

"And the reason I am not ready to run into her yet is this—she would

recognize me before I am ready, because she knew me once some six years ago."

Nance Allison was, as her Mammy would say, "flabbergasted."

She was too astonished to speak.

"I know a lot from the other end of her operations. I want to make sure at this end. I want to get in touch with Sheriff Selwood—and I want you to hold hard on your bottle line, knowing that it cannot always be as it is now, that other forces are lined up with you—that if all goes as it should—Cattle Kate will be caught in her own trap—and I hope to the Lord it is soon."

"Why—why, this is a wonder to me!" said Nance, "a wonder and a light in my darkness! I felt you for good that first day I set eyes on you in the canyon. Now I understand—you are the messenger whose feet are beautiful on the hills, as the Bible says—who bears good tidings. My faith has never faltered. She went on earnestly, "I know always that the hand of God was before me, that my ways were not hidden from His sight and that some way, some time, all would be well with us. But sometimes it has been hard."

Fair sat thinking deeply.

"You—Cattle Kate would make it hard. If she had a reason," he said, "and there was a note of bitterness in his low voice, "only God and I know how hard."

"Has she—" Nance asked and hesitated, "has she made



## WANT COLUMN

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.  
Each word more than 25: One week, 1 cent and each additional week, 1/2 cent. Minimum charge, 25 cents.  
Cash must accompany order.

**FOR SALE**—Duplex House Sewing Machine in Al condition, also an Underwood Portable Typewriter. E. P. LYON, Bethel, Maine. 10-12-15

**TRAPPING REASON IS HERE**—H. J. Dean, Spring St., local fur buyer, will pay cash and give liberal grade for any furs sent to him. Game, skins and traps for sale or exchange. 10-12-15

**FOR SALE**—Refrigerator and Sideboard. A. SPRINGFIELD, Bethel, Me. 10-12-15

**BUT CONCORD YARN** direct from manufacturer. Write for free sample of many beautiful shades and beautiful textures. 500 per 4 oz. skein. \$2.50 per lb. Postage paid on all orders. Also machine knitting yarns. All wool, blankets. Concord Worsted Mills, West Concord, N. H. 10-12-15

**WANTED**—Tupel nurses, Somerset Hospital, Bangor, Maine. 10-12-15

**FOR SALE**—Registered Jersey half-bred, fresh this week. Dam, a 40 lb. cow, seventy-five per cent Waterford Improved Old blood. C. E. VALENTINE, Bethel, Me. 11-19-15

**FOR SALE**—One set medium weight two-horse sleds, practically new. MRS. W. H. MILLER, West Bethel, Me. 11-19-15

We have at all times, Real Bargains in Real Estate. Builders, Farms, Business Blocks, House Lots, Cottages, Farms and Timberlands. DAVIS & FROTHINGHAM, Real Estate Agency, South Paris, Maine. 11-12-15

**NOTICE**—Beginning November 15, 1925, the baby of the post office will be closed at 1:00 P. M. on Sundays. CHAS. A. HUNTER, Postmaster. 11-12-15

**SALES AGENTS** MRS. AND W. H. MILLER, and one well known "University" Hardware and Hardware. New special patterns, liberal commissions. New line that is not overstocked. The people's people only. Bethel, Maine. 11-12-15

## EMANCIPATION NOTICE

To Whom it May Concern:  
Notarizing before me that from this date on, my son, Charles, born April 1, 1900, is to have a full and complete freedom, and that I am to be responsible for any of the bills for the balance of his estate.  
Signed: FRED E. LANE  
November 18, A. D. 1925  
11-12-15

**THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
BY D. M. FORBES  
BETHEL, MAINE

Entered as second class matter, May 2, 1924, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1925.

**I Can Furnish FURNACE HEAT**  
at less than \$100.

**Why Freeze this Winter?**

My usual supply of **Building Material** on hand, including

**Corrugated Galv. Roofing** at a low price. 26 gauge

**Outside Storm Windows** to order.

**H. Alton Bacon**  
BRYANT'S FORD, MAINE

**MIDDLE INTERVALE ROAD**  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, BETHEL, ME.

Mrs. J. B. Brown, Bethel, Me. 11-12-15

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## THE J. E. JONES LETTER

(Continued from page 1)

in writing his memoirs, and he will tell of his relations with former President Wilson. There has been so much of this story of the war, particularly the books written by former Ambassadors Page, former Secretary Tamm, former biographical favorite Ray Stannard Baker, former Secretary of State Lansing, and all the other "formers," that Colonel House would do the public a favor by putting all his thunder into one or two magazine articles, and let it go at that. The principal thing that the American people want to know about the famous Wilson-House friendship is what broke it off. The announcement that House's memoirs will omit an explanation of the reasons for the break between him and Woodrow Wilson is a disappointment.

"Colonel House attained the reputation of being 'one of the best little flowers' of the century, but his post-mortem is a late to produce the right kind of a death. Nevertheless students of American history will likely feel that they are to read it in order to know just what Colonel House thought his duty was to the Europeans as the 'personal representative' of the President of the United States in the time of the war.

## POOR RAILROADS

And now the Secretary of War is using airplanes as the vehicle to carry him on tours of inspection to nearby army posts. If airplanes become popular as a vehicle of travel and carry the passengers that are not already going back and forth over the country in motor buses there will not be much passenger business left for the railroads. In Washington, D. C., the officials declare that a new bus company with a new route of travel shows up nearly every day and sets up its passenger bus lines and terminal on the sidewalks of the city. The new companies are coming so thick and fast that officials in charge of the larger cities are urging that they all be bunched in a central terminal station in order that they may be gathered from cluttering up the streets. The officials say that the railroads are being forced in that way and that of a bus are going to parallel the lines of the railroads that they should be subjected to the same conditions with regard to terminals.

## MITCHELL'S ACCURSES

The National Capital is becoming very quiet concerning the most malicious ground campaign against Robert Mitchell. From comments about newspapers and Washington the opinion most followed is that despite the fact that Robert Mitchell is a combatant prisoner that the question is an open one as to whether the army and navy are on trial or the country. Sympathy runs high with Mitchell. His defense is being very ably handled, and if a verdict of guilty should result Congress will be the next scene of a battle royal.

## GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Spence and their children from Grover's Corner, Me. and Mrs. J. J. Spence from Bethel, Me. and Mrs. A. H. Grover and Mr. and Mrs. John Silver and baby from Grover Hill were Monday guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Moulton and family.

The people of this community gave Mr. and Mrs. Alton C. Hotchkiss a surprise party Friday evening in honor of their going away. The time was pleasantly passed in music, what and general sociability. Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss were the recipients of several nice and useful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Whitman are entertaining friends from Maine, N. H. and W. H. Hall from East Bethel recently moved a load of stone wood to the point where Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hotchkiss are to occupy at Bethel village.

Frederic Wheeler is having white wash and for market.

A. J. Prindle has been cutting lumber along the Grover Hill highway.

W. H. Hotchkiss has finished work on the Bethel Inn for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hotchkiss and Mrs. W. H. Hotchkiss were in New York shopping Saturday P. M.

F. J. Merriam from Bethel was the guest of his sister, Mrs. V. A. Moulton and family.

## A PARTY FOR THE YOUNGEST

What a gala time it is for the child when his mother has a party for him, or when he is invited to a party for his playmates! In his mind it is a big affair, one never to be forgotten. Since this is the case mothers should put themselves out a bit occasionally and have a party for the children.

Many mothers find it rather hard to plan a party which will be full of life and fun for the little ones present. Children love to play games and they are always interested in new ones, so it is wise if some new game can be introduced at each party.

The games which can be played depend somewhat upon the ages of the children present. For the youngest children, the game of tag or drop the handkerchief is always interesting. If it is a rainy day the little ones can spend a happy hour cutting out paper dolls or having stories read to them. Sometimes if the weather is warm, the little ones might enjoy a little walk to a brook or lake where they could have simple refreshments as milk and cookies on their arrival there.

For the older children there is a variety of games and things to do. A few of the most popular games are: Blind Man's Buff, peasant hunt, hunt the slipper, going to Jerusalem, spin the plate, gossip, tag of war, London Bridge is Falling Down, Potato race, Porcelain, I spy, Hide and Seek, etc.

Children like to be doing something every minute, and they also like to do a variety of things, so it is wise for the older person who is taking charge of the party to keep introducing different games and not allow them to play one game all the afternoon.

Out of door parties are very nice, enjoyable ones. They enable the children to have more freedom to play running games than indoor parties do. They have another lot of work to do for the house doesn't get cluttered.

Parties always appeal to children and adults as well. If the child's birthday comes in the summer a birthday party can be given for him in the form of a hike or picnic. A bare and beautiful scene is a life of fun.

The children are divided into two groups. The group is called the hares and the other group the hounds. The hares start out from the starting place with a bag of colored paper torn up on small pieces. As they go along they drop the paper occasionally. About a half hour after the hares have left the hounds start out upon their trail. They do not know where the hares have gone but they follow their trail by the bits of paper which have been left by the hares. Generally the hares lead the hounds a wild chase through a crooked road. When the hounds finally find the hares a picnic lunch can be served to the hungry hounds. This game is very exciting and the hounds are always anxious to know where they are being led.

The indoor part is it is always fun to play guessing games or some kind of riddle games. Hunt, Rab or Rab! Consequences, Ashes, proverbs, Telling Stories, Old Man's Story, etc. are good. Riddles are always very interesting to children. Motion contest, peasant hunt.

## Every Mother Should Read This!

Mrs. Alexander Bradley of Danbury, Conn., says: "After 14 long years trying different remedies, I have at last found a good medicine."

## Dr. True's Elixir

I was nearly discouraged. I was giving my oldest girl something nearly every night, but now I keep a bottle of Dr. True's Elixir handy, and only give it occasionally. I have tried so many things, but now as soon as I see signs of worms I give Dr. True's Elixir.

## The True Family Laxative and worm expeller

for quick relief. Made of strictly pure-quality herbs. Family size \$1.20; other sizes 50c and 25c.

Successfully used for over 75 years.

and the various relay races are lively and full of fun. A lemon race is lots of fun. Several strips of paper or cloth, about 10 feet long, are placed on the floor and pinned there. Then the children are divided into teams. A lemon is placed on each tape and one person at a time rolls the lemon on the strip of paper to the other end with a yard stick. The team that wins gets a prize. The task of rolling the lemon down the strip is not an easy one for the lemon permits in rolling off the strip and when this happens the player must go back and start over again.

In every party there arises the question of refreshments. This is where many mothers fail. The refreshments should be suited to the children's ages. Since parties generally come in the afternoon it is not wise for the children to be served rich desserts or other elaborate refreshments. Milk desserts like custards are not too rich and are much better for the children than ice cream and rich cakes. Little cookies with icing can be served. Instead of having fudge or chocolate candy for the refreshments serve gum drops made into little men or animals. It is better to serve the refreshments quite early in the afternoon so that the appetite will not be taken away from the children for their supper.

Whoever has charge of the party should see to it that every child has a part in the games and has good time with the other children.

A very fine book of games entitled "What shall we do now?" by Dorothy Canfield has been published by Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York and can be obtained at a reasonable price at book stores. It contains over 500 children's games and pastimes.

## NEWBY

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Kilgore are in town for the winter. They are boarding at Leslie Corbett's. Mr. Kilgore will work for Elmer Bailey, as also will Mr. Corbett.

W. N. and H. E. Powers are at work with their team for the men who are putting in the new bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Walker went to Norway last Saturday.

G. H. Learned is sawing wood at No. Newby.

Best Harbor got a large deer one day last week.

Mrs. Duncan McPherson is in Grand for a few days.

Mrs. Charlie French is at Bethel, N. H., visiting her daughter, Mrs. Darwin French.

## Will Found in Old Shoe

Frank Calto of Pittsburgh was wealthy. When he died several years ago relatives searched for his will in vain. Recently it was found in the shoe of a dead son that he had treasured. It gave \$10,000 to his wife. "If I would die without explaining this paper to you, I hope our beloved son in heaven will help you find it," it read in part.

Order Next Sunday's  
**Boston Globe**  
in advance  
from your newsdealer  
or newsboy

**SERMON**  
**SUNDAY MORNING**  
**NOVEMBER TWENTY-TWO**  
**at The Methodist Church**  
by **REV. RALPH F. LOWE**  
**OF AUGUSTA**  
**HEAR HIM**

## FOR SALE

Two miles from Bethel, Maine. Farm of 200 acres; 30 acres of upland tillage, balance in woodland and pasture. [This tillage land is exceptionally smooth and of the very best of soil, suitable for all kinds of crop raising, and all machine mowing.] 300 bearing apple trees, and in the very best of condition.

Estimated, 1000 M. ft. of pine timber, 500 eds. of pulp, 300 eds. of hardwood and birch ready to cut. A quantity of growing timber and wood.

Buildings consist of house, barn, shed, brooder house, ice house, hen house, store house and garage. Cellar under house and barn. Excellent well of water in the door yard.

This is an exceptional opportunity to own a place producing a whole year income, and will be sold right away. If interested apply at once to

**DAVIS & FROTHINGHAM**  
Real Estate Agency  
**SOUTH PARIS, MAINE**

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## THE LONG LIFE ROOFING

Rag Felt Base and  
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assures the buyer a roof that is

**Fire Proof**  
and  
**Long Lived**

GET LOWEST WHOLESALE  
PRICES AT

**CARVER'S**  
Carload Buyer

**FAIR PLAY**  
Odeon  
Hall  
Friday  
Nov. 20

VOLUME XXXI—1

DONOR'S 1

This pleasantly anti-  
and was given an en-  
the year, as crowding on  
the nearer Morris Pratt  
usually desired. Therefo-  
evening, November 19th  
am Auditorium once mo-  
audience of interested  
program, entirely unde-  
of the Twentieth  
was as follows:  
Selection,  
Prayer, Rev.  
Address, Prin-  
Solo, L  
Address,  
Selection,  
Dance, Sailors Hornpipe,  
Girls of L

Selection,  
Rainbow Dance,  
Play, "The Bishop's Ca-

The widely differing re-  
program enlisted the at-  
tentive and most enthu-  
siasm. The orchestra was  
very as to pitch, unison a-  
bilities. The brilliant play-  
a future for the young  
great school choruses was  
control and the quartette  
a difficult composition, go-  
ing, Miss Sweetser, ma-  
netic accompanist and a  
Mr. Hanson's exten-  
sive efforts. No one  
more unflattering ease in  
thought. It is often re-  
garded that we have not  
yet remarkable addresses  
and hand, for the lastu-  
ary. As it is, there has  
scores of minds touched  
and hearts roused to de-  
votion which might  
be as perfect short  
by an authority than  
H. Strobel, sometime Politi-  
cal King of Siam who one  
day journey to Bethel for  
the night for the second  
Mr. Hanson's address  
ing class, we may feel  
satisfaction reinforced by  
vision of the highest at-  
tention expressed. As  
usual, the remarks were re-  
ceived applause, the classed  
distinctive calls with  
throughout the evening.

The jolly young Girl  
Hornpipe, gave sufficient  
cause an encore, and  
Dance with colored light  
these scene effects on the  
gate that scene of value  
reaction gives young girls  
that "Curled is the line  
and that gracefulness belong  
womanhood.

Dr. Gehring's address was  
received with marked  
As I look about upon this  
space, this extended sta-  
tion, auditorium, I am re-  
minded of the words of  
Homer, "Build thee a  
monument, oh my soul, as  
size roll!"

All that we see about  
to similar aspirations; for  
which have been blessed,  
tastes to grow and expand.  
Through the great gener-  
tions, we have continued  
material advantages of in-  
terest. Advantages and oppor-  
tunities by no means at an  
ending the current year  
to manifest themselves in  
which we can properly  
these results, in the de-  
velopment of a school, we may say  
But behind all these  
that we see, such as  
the and equipment, these  
things indicate greater, de-  
veloping the thought of  
impulse of one heart, and  
with that priceless thing  
the ever-growing future of  
the

growth and changes we  
to every hand, it is the  
Nature which has been  
a long time, and will be  
from the humble but very  
option of Homer's  
with a prayerful and grate-  
ful of the Academy's de-  
with an undying scene of  
the generous donors who  
the Moral Front Birthday  
these donors and contribu-  
tors and supporters  
these years, when new  
donors' benefactors have  
entered and our friends,  
a scene of persistent  
As an illustration of  
we have come to be, we  
(Continued on page 2)